

The NEW PLAYS

"The Bachelor"

May Become
the Typewriter's Delight.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

DON'T cry, Jennie! In spite of its masculine "star" author and title, "The Bachelor" hasn't robbed the beautiful Maxine Elliott Theatre of its essentially feminine character. No, Jennie. If you don't believe it, go and see the olives and chocolate eclairs and the chintz room and things.

With all due respect to a capital actor, it is impossible for Mr. Charles Cherry to strike a masculine note that could by any possible chance frighten the gentle women ushers out of their well-worn intentions to help shy, shrinking men on with their coats at the end of the play. Mr. Clyde Fitch has made him a capital Cherry.

"The Bachelor" would turn you at "The Blue Mouse." This time Mr. Fitch is on his very best behavior. He has written a nice play for good stenographers who may hope to win a husband during office hours and live comfortably ever after. It is by no means unlikely that "The Bachelor" may become the typewriter's delight, though Mr. Cherry himself certainly deserves a better fate. For he is an actor whom big letters cannot spoil, a leading man who doesn't take himself too seriously as a "star," a light comedian who in this instance gets all the fun out of one good situation without treating his prospective mother-in-law as a joke.

There are brokers and brokers. There's one kind in Wall Street and another in "The Bachelor's" George Goodale is named in honor of the upright dramatic critic of the Detroit Free Press, and this alone should make him an honorable man. So here we have a broker but a gentleman still. He is a broker who takes his type-writer to lunch and Proctor's, and when he is accused by her insufferable young brother of having "compromised" her promptly agrees to marry the girl.

Nice chap, these brokers! There's hardly anything they won't do for their typewriters. If we're to believe all the stock-ticker tells us, and even when they happen to be married already—but Goodale isn't married and doesn't intend to get in that state until Jennie's brother insists that his time has come.

Mr. Fitch is evidently a great believer in woman's rights—that is, a working woman's right to loaf on her job and marry her employer. His three young wags—brothers in "Girls" achieved matrimony with great success, and here Jennie really is Millicent Hendell, a highly deserving survivor of the San Francisco earthquake, accomplishes a similar feat with neatness if not with despatch. To tell the truth, it takes her three whole acts to make the broker hers, and to a full-grown, unromantic person who sits through these three acts this kindergarten process of love-making and brooking seems a little like the chocolate eclairs "Milly" nibbles—sweet, soft and sticky. Still there may be enough romantic typewriters in New York to warrant Mr. Fitch in writing a play of this sort. And they may all be clicking out "I love you" on their emotional machines before "The Bachelor" is many days older. 'Tis a pretty thought!

Mr. Cherry makes Goodale seem such a sensible chap that you are surprised to see him driven into a proposal by a silly boy. This can only be explained by the fact that "The Bachelor" is a very silly, though fairly amusing, play. The silly girl plays the typewriter beautifully. She strikes the comedy key and you laugh—at the machine. "Milly's" father, once a prosperous California judge, has been dead for a long time, but Miss Ruth Maycliffe, who plays the typewriter as though she had been taking lessons from Miss Billie Burke, still delights in being just a little over seven. Let us hope that Miss Billie Burke says her prayers every night, for like the San Francisco earthquake, she seems responsible for a great many things.

You can't help feeling sorry for the poor bachelor when you see what is going to happen to him. Something tells you that it would be better for him to adopt the girl. His talk with her mother when he goes to the chintz-covered flat on "household night" is painful to every one but the audience. Mr. Cherry makes this embarrassing moment delightful. When it comes to acting with hat, coat and stick, he is as funny as Willie Collier and not nearly so extravagant. A Swedish servant, acted without restraint by Miss Janet Beecher, adds to the amusement. But, like most of the play, she is quite impossible. Mr. Fitch is evidently partial to badly trained comedy servants.

The lucky bachelor has the good fortune to escape on an empty stomach after "Milly" has served a course of tears and told him that her brother's story is known to her, but he no sooner gets to his office in the morning than mother and son arrive, filled with disappointment and apologies. She prods the boy with her umbrella to make him subscribe to everything she says. In other respects, Miss Christine Blessing, as the widow of the eminent judge, behaves very nicely. The boy, as played by Mr. Ralph Morgan, fits one with a strong desire to borrow the mother's umbrella.

What becomes of "Milly"? Oh, she comes down to work at the usual hour, and the now happy bachelor has her typewriter a letter to herself in which he tells her that he really loves her after all and wants to give her a job as his wife. So don't cry, Jennie. All is well and perfectly lovely at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. But, just between ourselves, "The Bachelor" is very thin.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen

EVEN if a man keeps up a pretty fair average of conduct he feels kind of mean and hangdog about some things when he comes upon his wife kneeling beside the bed at her prayers.

The real fox woman when she wants a new hat starts to make over the old one while her husband is looking on. Well, does she KNOW that will get him and that he'll order her to go forthwith and buy herself a new one.

Somewhat or another a man sort of likes it when he finds that his wife is unwilling to trap, poison or otherwise kill the moony little mouse that she has discovered in the kitchen pantry. When you see a granite-faced fat

woman walking up and down her block on a raw day, airing a wheezy, snuffing mutt on a leash, do you experience a frenzied impulse to throw off your coat, hop into the meise and work for Votes For Women?

Familiar Quotation: "Do you expect me to go through another summer with nothing to wear except a couple of floppy old skirts and a few dinky shirt waists?"

While the poker or bridge game is on, did you ever notice the wistfully greedy glare in the eyes of the woman who is always averting that she "only plays for the fun of the thing?"

Ever stop to think of what a hideous roar would put up if YOU had to wash the dishes?

A man may imagine that he himself is a pretty reckless proposition under the stimulus of a few drinks until he

takes notice of the devil-may-care air of his wife when, on an evening out, she has had a bit more than her share of the champagne.

A woman doesn't consider that she has had a bit of enjoyment out of \$8 worth of tarbac riding unless at least a few of her envious women friends (walking) have seen her in the machine.

The sweetest rose that blows is the Jacqueminot. But you can buy a nice bunch of Jacqueminot now for a dollar—which debars you from sending them to her unless you care to have her privately consider you "cheap."

What Every Woman Ought to Know: That it isn't necessarily a lack of taste, but the plain fear of flies, which prompts a man to refuse to wear the salmon pink, Nile green or magnolia

mauve socks that have been bought for him by his wife.

Time was when women considered it a stinging insult to be called "capricious." But now, perhaps viewing it as a tribute to their vivacity, they rather like it.

If women could only discover some way of weeping (for a purpose) without getting their noses red, there'd be another fad.

What some women like so much about the modern society novel, with its house parties and things, is that in them a wife is required to meet her husband so seldom.

Familiar Quotation (while buttoning her dress up the back): "If you'd only take that horrid cigar out of your mouth the smoke wouldn't get into your eyes and you wouldn't say such dreadful things."

The Widow

She Tells How To Keep
A Lover on the Leash.

By Helen Rowland.

NOW what on earth have I done to you?" demanded the Bachelor, as he turned and caught up with the Widow, who had just passed him with a vague smile and a slight movement of her chin.

The Widow lifted her eyebrows with faint disdain. "It isn't what you have done to me, Mr. Travers," she began.

"No," chimed in the Bachelor, bitterly, "it's what you are doing to me. You're standing me in the corner!"

"What?" "Oh, punishing me for being naughty," explained the Bachelor with a shrug. "Being very sweet and polite, you know, and not at home when I call, and giving me nothing but extra dances and casual glances, and a chance word in the conversation, and a nod of the head when you meet me, and a sweet ambiguous answer when I try to quarrel with you."

"It's the only way," sighed the Widow, glancing down thoughtfully at the toe of her gray suede boot. "The only way to what?" inquired the Bachelor ironically. "To put a man through the third degree, or to make him hate life!"

"To make him do what you want him to do," interrupted the Widow hastily. "There's no use arguing with a man, nor wounding him, nor explaining to him, nor coaxing him. THAT only makes him balky."

"And I suppose," rejoined the Bachelor, "if you treat him like the paper on the wall or an extra chair around the house, it makes him humble and wormlike and perfectly devoted and—"

"Yes," agreed the Widow. "Besides, if you don't, he'll treat you that way. Just look at the married women who are stood in the corner so much of the time that they get an habitual apologetic look on their faces, as if they were begging your pardon for living—and look at the women who bluster, like March, and never get what they want and weep like April and never get what they cry for, instead of smiling like May!"

"And continuing to be villains!" broke in the Bachelor.

"Exactly," agreed the Widow enthusiastically. "Haven't you ever noticed that it's the person who says the least in this world who accomplishes the most and the person who says the least in a quarrel who does as he pleases afterward? Argument is a little trick invented by His Majesty, Satan, for putting the right person in the wrong. The only thing a man is thinking of while a woman is having her say, is how he is going to get out and have his way."

"And of what a good excuse her harangue is giving him for doing it," rejoined the Bachelor dryly.

"What ARE you trying to say?" broke in the Widow impatiently.

"Now I lay-me-down-for-you-to-walk-over-me!" quoted the Bachelor, looking at the Widow with humble penitence.

"There, there!" returned the Widow, patting his coat sleeve with a gentle smile. "You can come out of your corner now if you'll be a VERY good boy."

"Thanks," said the Bachelor, with a sigh of relief. "It's nice to be back again."

"Back-where?" "On my leash," explained the Bachelor, with an enigmatic grin.

"The Bridge Wrinkle." THE bridge wrinkle, it is said, is the latest facial acquirement, and it is not at all liked by those upon whom it has been thrust. The "frowner" is in great demand in consequence, and some women are giving up bridge just because it makes any woman who plays constantly look old and wrinkled before her time.

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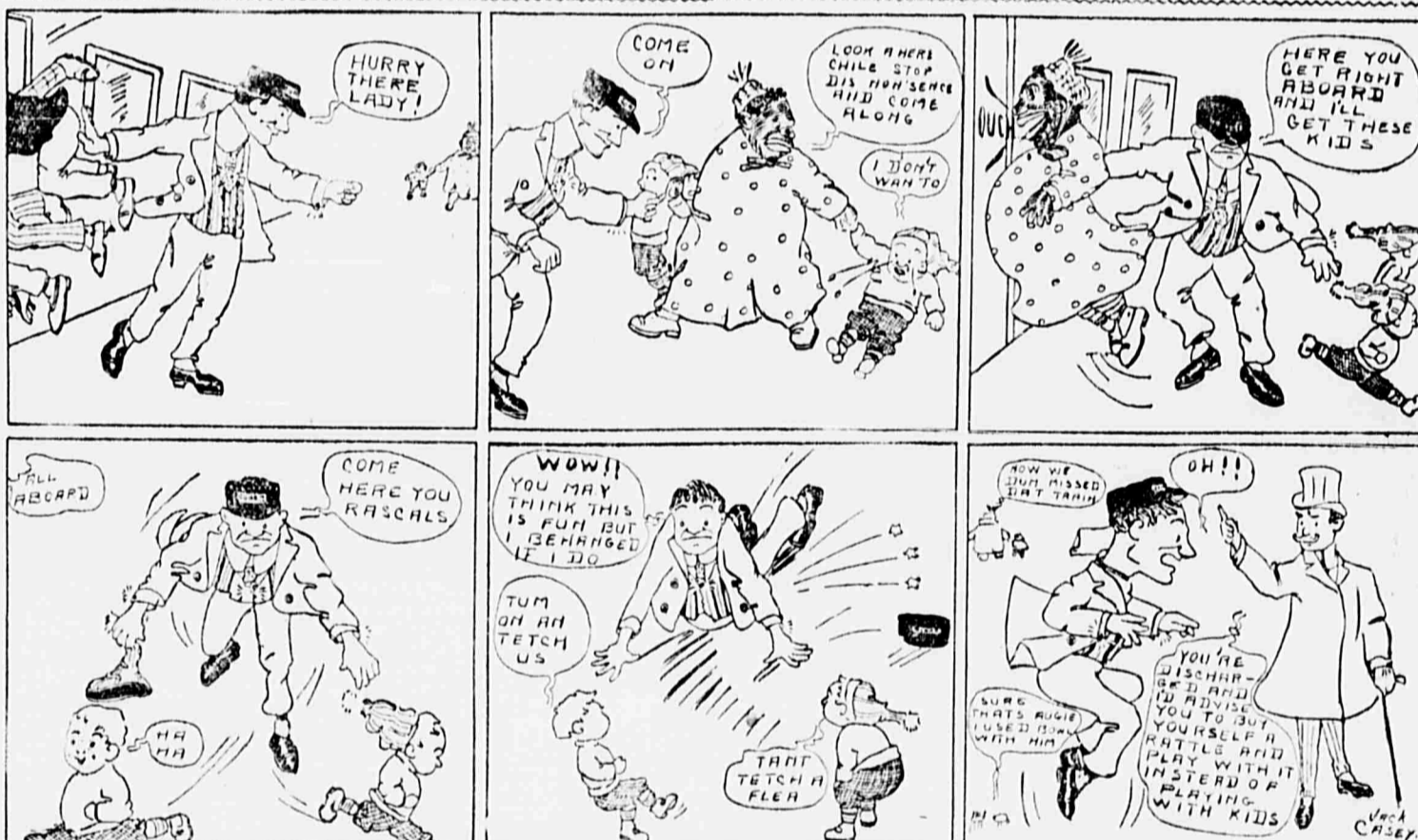
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Lightweight Larry

The Subway Guard By Jack Casey



Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

The Man From Home

By Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Daniel Pike, a shrewd Kokono (Indian) lawyer, in guarding to two rich orphans, Ethel and George Simpson, who are living in Europe. Pike has always doted on Ethel. She writes him that she is about to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, son of the Earl of Hawkstone. Father and son are needy fortune-hunters who covet Ethel's wealth. The Earl's sister, Lady Trevelyan, is Ethel's paid chambermaid (the whole party are at Sorrento, Italy). Pike goes thither to see if Almeric is worthy of Ethel. Meanwhile a Russian Grand Duke comes to the Sorrento hotel, inquiring, calling himself Herr von Grollenhagen. He takes a fancy to Pike. Almeric and Ethel become formally engaged. The Russian settlement agreed on is \$200,000. Pike refuses to let Ethel marry Almeric the \$200,000 settlement. Al Pike and the Grand Duke are talking the hotel keeper closes the garden gates. "They ask if he is locking them in."

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

A Clash of Wills.

"O. Herr," replied the servant, "I lock some one out. That handi who have not been captured. The carabinieri warn all to lock the gates for an hour. Soon they will capture that wicked one. Meisun, this convict is a Russian!"

With a keen glance, Von Grollenhagen waved the man aside. Daniel smiled.

"They've got two companies of the din soldiers. Out my way the town marshal would have had him yesterday."

"My friend, you are teaching me to respect your country. Not by what you say, but by what you do."

"How's that?" asked Pike. "I see how a sort of that great democracy can apply himself to a dirty machine while his eyes are full of visions of one of his beautiful daughters!"

"Does there stand in your gear box?" Then he looked up, "now, you go down to the kitchen and make signs for some of the help to give you a bunch of nice clean rags."

For an instant the German drew himself up haughtily.

"What is it you ask me to do?"

"Get me some more rags," said Daniel, quietly, and Von Grollenhagen bowed low.

"I'd go myself, but it wouldn't be safe to leave the machine."

"You fear this famous ban, would you steal it?" laughed the German.

"No. There's parties around here might think it was a settlement."

"My friend," he said, gravely, "I do not understand."

"That's where we are in the same fix, Doc," said Pike with a chuckle and bent over the machine again, while Von Grollenhagen departed on his mission.

While Pike worked he thought, and the thoughts finally arrived at the point where he saw that all he had to do to save the girl he had come so far to see was to sit tight on his refusal. He had accurately gauged the noble Earl and his interesting son and sister-in-law, and he knew that it was a thousand to one that they would not agree to a marriage if there was no money in sight.

"They'll make more'n one bid for old Simpson's money," he assured himself, and then looked up quickly, for the leaves on the pergola were rustling in a way that no wind should have caused.

"That's not," murmured the man. "As you know anything about automobiles," asked Daniel, holding out the coat.

"Not a thing in the world," replied the other decisively.

"Then send a chauffeur, all right," returned the lawyer, forcing the rough garment on the man, "here, climb in under that machine, and don't you dare unswear anything. Pretend you are fixing it."

He pushed the refugee toward the machine, and saw him wriggle beneath it, then heard Mariano's agitated voice calling in the hotel. An instant later the maître d'hôtel rushed out to the entrance gates and threw them wide open, revealing two carabinieri without, who immediately entered. The ensuing conversation in Italian that was pure Sanscrit to Pike, who looked on the machine interest. The commandant of the fire addressed the lawyer in a long speech, to which Pike smiled and waved a chair.

"Wishing you many happy returns, colonel," he said genially, and Mariano hastened forward.

"It is the robber of Russia. They think he climb the wall, the assassin. The others, they surround all yonder. These two, they search here. They ask you please signore, have you seen him climb the wall?"

"No," replied Daniel shortly, turning away.

"They ask then, has any one crossed the lawn?" went on the servant.

"No," replied Daniel, and as he spoke one of the men pointed his gun beneath the car at the figure in the long blouse.

"He ask who this is, signore?" said Mariano excitedly, also pointing.

"The new chauffeur for the machine from Paris," answered Pike casually, and with a bow the two went off, one to the right and the other to the left. As they disappeared Von Grollenhagen came walking across the grass with some white rag in his hand, and an amused smile upon his face.

"Is there a new eruption of Vesuvius?" he asked, waving the cloth. Daniel met him and took the rag.

"No," he said dryly. "It's an eruption of colonials trying to arrest a high-

school professor. I've got him under your car there, yonder."

The start the German gave would have been ludicrous in any other situation.

"My friend," he said, "do you realize the penalty for protecting a criminal from arrest?"

"I told them he was your chauffeur. We'll be proud of the risk, Doc." He turned to the refugee under the machine. "This man owns the car," he went on, "you can trust him the same as your own father," and the demand shrugged his shoulders in protest. There was a clatter of arms and Pike looked up.

"Look out!" he said. "The governor's staff is coming back, and as the carabinieri returned he said casually to Von Grollenhagen:

"You'll have to get a new front tire. Doc. That one is pretty near gone. Better have Jim, here, put on the spare when he gets through."

The German looked at him. "Do you know what you are asking me to do?"

"To have a new front tire put on," answered the lawyer, who before was looking on interestedly, and finally Mariano approached.

"The carabinieri with axes beg that you will order the chauffeur to step forth from the machine."

"No, signore," said Pike, "that machine myself for three years. I've got my hands full of a new boiler and screws half fastened. I won't get out the machine. Tell them to go on up Main street with the Knights of Phishias parade, and come around some day when we've got no say."

Mariano and a hurried consultation with the carabinieri, and turned back.

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